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NOTHING NEW.

ANTIQUARIES are always delighted to remind us that there is nothing new under the sun. When we boast of the great European art of printing, they bring in the Chinese as evidence against us. Certain it is, however, that the Romans used movable types to mark their pottery and bread, and even to indorse their scroll-books. But if this is to be called printing, then the Accadians, and their successors the Assyrians, did the like on a grand scale many centuries before. To the last-named people, moreover, must be ascribed, so far as we at present know, the invention of a magnifying lens of rock-crystal, a thing so well made, that Sir David Brewster pronounced it a true optical instrument. It was found amid the ruins of Nimroud by Layard.

It is curious to see also how great natural laws have been dimly apprehended centuries before they were rendered demonstrable. The law of gravitation was undoubtedly discerned by Sir Isaac Newton; but it is remarkable that in Cary's translation of Dante's *Inferno* an idea very like it occurs, namely:

Thou wast on the other side, so long as I
Descended; when I turned, thou did'st o'erpass
That point, to which from every part is dragged
All heavy substance.

Of this passage, Monti remarks that if it had met the eye of Newton, it might better have awakened his thought to conceive the system of attraction than the accidental fall of an apple.

For fifty or sixty years before any real light was thrown upon the nature of gravitation, Pedro Mexia of Seville had a clear and correct idea of its action. Thus, in his *Silva de Varia Leccion* (published in 1542, and which in various translations was in great demand until the middle of the seventeenth century), the following appears: 'The sky is above in all parts of the earth, and the centre of the earth is below, towards which all heavy things naturally tend from whatever side of the earth; so that if God had made a hole, which by a true diameter passing through the

whole earth, from the point where we are, as far as the other opposite and contrary to this, on the other side of the earth, passed through the centre of it: then if one dropped a plummet, as masons do, know that it would not pass to the other side of the earth, but would stop and place itself in the centre of it; and if from the other side one let fall another, they would meet together in the very centre, and there they would stop. It is quite true that the force might well cause the plummet to pass somewhat beyond, because its movement, so long as it was going towards the centre, would naturally be accelerated, passing somewhat beyond, but in the end it would return to its place.'

Of this old Spanish work, an English translation was made by T. Fortescue, and printed in London in 1576, entitled *The Forest, or Collection of Histories, no less profitable than pleasant and necessary*. Another appeared in 1613 with sundry essays by other authors, entitled *The Treasure of Ancient and Modern Times*. Considering that London publishing was on a small scale two and three centuries ago, it is difficult to believe that Newton missed seeing these works, even if he had not heard of the original. At anyrate, he must in all probability have read what Shakespeare, borrowing probably from the same source, puts into the mouth of Cressida:

But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.

Troilus and Cressida, act iv. scene 2.

Some anticipations of telegraphy are also very interesting. Galileo, in his *Dialogues on the Two Systems of the World*, that is, the Ptolemaic and Copernican, and which he wrote in 1632, makes Sagredo say: 'You remind me of one who offered to sell me a secret art, by which, through the attraction of a certain magnet needle, it would be possible to converse across a space of two or three thousand miles. I said to him that I would willingly become the purchaser, provided only that I might first make a trial of the art, and that it would be sufficient for the purpose if I

were to place myself in one corner of the sofa and he in the other. He replied that in so short a distance the action would be scarcely discernible; so I dismissed the fellow, and said that it was not convenient for me just then to travel into Egypt or Muscovy for the purpose of trying the experiment; but that if he chose to go there himself, I would remain in Venice and attend to the rest.'

It appears, however, that telegraphy took form as an idea two thousand years ago, for Addison, in one of his delightful essays in the *Spectator* (No. 241), tells us that 'Strada, in one of his Prolusions, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain lodestone, which had such virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of a dial-plate, inscribing it with the four-and-twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four-and-twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day and to converse with one another by means of this their invention.'

In Homer's *Odyssey*, translated by Pope, the following curious description—originally detected by an ingenious mechanic—of the Phœacian ships of old, has been well observed by the late Dr Birkbeck to be no inaccurate description of steam-navigation:

So shalt thou instant reach the realm assigned
In wondrous ships, self-moved, instinct with mind.

Though clouds and darkness veil the encumbered sky,
Fearless, through darkness and through clouds they fly;
Though tempests rage—though rolls the swelling main,
The seas may roll, the tempests swell in vain.
E'en the stern god that o'er the waves presides,
Safe as they pass, and safe repossess the tides,
With fury burns; whilst careless they convey
Promiscuous every guest to every bay.

It would almost appear from the above passage, which for ages was considered merely a bold flight of the imagination, that the ancients were not unacquainted with some method beyond that of the ordinary sail, of propelling vessels through water with safety and celerity.

Even that horror of naval warfare, the fish-torpedo, seems to have been once afloat in the mind of Ben Jonson, although there are good reasons for thinking he derived the idea itself from Drummond the inventor, whom he visited at Hawthornden in 1619. In Jonson's play, *The Staple of News* (act iii. scene 1), we read:

Thomas. They write here one Cornelius' son
Hath made the Hollanders an invisible eel
To swim the Haven at Dunkirk, and sink all
The shipping there.

Pennyboy. But how is't done?

Cymbal. I'll show you, sir.

It's an automa, runs under water

With a snug nose, and has a nimble tail

Made like an auger, with which tail she wriggles
Betwixt the coats of a ship, and sinks it straight.
Pennyboy. A most brave device
To murder their flat bottoms!

Some of the most beneficent and useful discoveries in medical science appear to have been anticipated years ago. For example, certain skulls of prehistoric man have afforded the clearest evidence that even at that remote period the art of *trepanning* must have been practised upon them. A skull found in the tomb of the Incas, near the city of Cuzco, exhibited distinct marks of having undergone a like operation. According to a reputed discovery by M. Stanislaus Julien, it appears that as far back as the third century of our era, the Chinese were in possession of an anæsthetic agent which they employed during surgical operations. A description of this was discovered by M. Julien in a work preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, called *Kou-kin-i-tong*, or a General Collection of Ancient and Modern Medicines, which appears to have been published in the sixteenth century. In a biographical notice of Hoa-tho, who flourished under the dynasty of Wei, between the years 220 and 230 of our era, it is stated that he gave the patient a preparation of *cannabis* (*Ma-yo*), who in a few moments became as insensible as one plunged in drunkenness or deprived of life; then, according to the case, he made incisions, amputations, &c. After a certain number of days, the patient found himself re-established, without having experienced the slightest pain during the operation. It appears from the biography of Han that this *cannabis* was prepared by boiling and distillation.

Of the Germ Theory of disease, it must also be said, it is no novelty. That noted physician, Athanasius Kircher, in his work on the plague—published at Rome in 1658—attributed the origin of epidemics to germs, or, as he termed them, animalcules. He argued that each kind of putrefaction gives rise to a special virus, which produces a definite species of malady.

Even sticking-plaster is not a modern surgical appliance. One of the highest living authorities in organic chemistry states that the ordinary lead-plaster now so commonly used was said to be discovered by the Roman physician Menecrates in the middle of the first century.

Some readers of this *Journal* will remember that while the British Association was in progress at Montreal (1884), a telegram was received from Mr Caldwell in Australia, notifying that he had found *monotremes oviparous with mesoblastic ovum*—that is, that the ornithorhynchus, the duck-bill or water mole, laid eggs. This piece of news greatly interested naturalists, since it was justly regarded as furnishing one more link in the chain of evidence tending to support the evolution hypothesis. However, in a work entitled *The Literary Pancratium*, by Robert and Thomas Swinburn Carr, published in London in 1832, a quotation in the form of a footnote appears on page 8, as follows: 'But this is New Holland, where it is summer with us when it is winter in Europe, and *vice versâ*; where the barometer rises before bad weather, and falls before good; where the north is the hot wind, and the south the cold; where the humblest house is fitted up with cedar; where the fields are fenced with

mahogany, and myrtle-trees are burnt for fire-wood; where the *swans* are black and the eagles white; where the kangaroo, an animal between the squirrel and the deer, has five claws on its forepaws and three talons on its hind-legs, like a bird, and yet hops on its tail; where the mole lays eggs, and has a duck's bill; where there is a bird with a broom in its mouth instead of a tongue; where there is a fish, one half belonging to the genus *Raja*, and the other to that of *Squalus*; where the pears are made of wood, with the stalk at the broader end; and where the cherry grows with the stone on the outside.'—(Field's *New South Wales*, page 461.)

In striking contrast to all the above-named instances of rediscovery, is that fact furnished by some Assyrian bas-reliefs—that is, that the lion, or at least the Asiatic species, has a *claw* in the tuft of his tail. This fact, which, strangely enough, was disputed in classic times, although forty years before the birth of Christ, Didymus of Alexandria discovered it, had been quite overlooked by modern naturalists. Soon after the finding of the sculpture, Mr Bennett, an English zoologist, verified the observation.

Homer's famous story of the battle between the frogs and the mice is doubtless a political satire. That the story was originally suggested by actual observation is not an unreasonable fancy. Homer may even have seen the mimic campaign for himself, for it is but a tradition that he was blind. In a recent number of *Nature*, a correspondent states that he saw a short time since several mice pursuing some frogs in a shed. The alacrity of the reptiles rendered the attacks of the mice futile for some time. 'Again and again the frogs escaped from the clutches of their foes, but only to be recaptured, severely shaken, and bitten.' They were at length 'overpowered by the mice, which devoured a part of them.'

The first scientific expedition on record is one in which Aristotle was sent by Alexander the Great (more than 300 B.C.) for the purpose of collecting subjects for a History of Animals. In this enterprise he met with both the paper and the pearly nautilus; for in the *Historia Animalium*, he says, after describing different forms of Cephalopods, which no doubt abounded in Asiatic seas: 'There are also two other kinds of polypes which are in shells, the one [that is, the paper nautilus] has a shell which is not naturally adherent to it; it feeds very frequently near the land, and being cast by the waves on the sand, the shell slips, and it dies; but the other [the pearly nautilus] is in a shell in which it exists after the manner of a snail, and outwardly extends its arms.'—(Scaliger's translation.) Nothing was added to this account during the dark ages that succeeded, nor even till some time after the revival of literature. No further information respecting the nautilus was obtained until the discovery of a living specimen early in the eighteenth century by Rumphius, a Dutch merchant and naturalist, resident at Amboyna. His drawing of the soft parts separated from the shell was greatly valued for more than a century before another specimen was found, although the shells were cast ashore in comparative abundance. This specimen was sent to Professor Owen, and formed the subject of an elaborate memoir by

him in 1832. It may be said to have been the first to confirm the history of this remarkable organism given more than two thousand years before.

Here, then, we have another instance of modern research simply verifying that which was an ancient discovery.

It is even said that the stereoscope, which is Professor Wheatstone's invention, was known to Euclid, and minutely described by Galen, the physician, sixteen centuries ago; moreover, it was still more completely defined in the works of Baptista Porta in the year 1599. As for photography, its discovery is by common consent referred to Daguerre, who announced it to the Academy of Sciences in 1839. This beautiful art has, however, been found clearly described by M. Jobard in his *Nouvelles Inventions aux Expositions Universelles*, 1857, taken from a translation from the German three hundred years ago.

An ancient gold coin recast is, after all, the same precious metal; even so, truths long lost are, when found, restamped by human thought and made current again for the world's good. How few are privileged, or have the genius, to enrich mankind with an original discovery!

BY ORDER OF THE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER XIV.

LE GAUTIER followed the footman into the drawing-room, where Enid was engaged with some visitors—three tall showy-looking girls, with an extremely vivacious mother. Le Gautier stood looking out of one of the windows, and noticed with satisfaction their intention of a speedy exit. For some moments the visitors remained chattering, and then, after a profusion of compliments, accompanied by much laughter, their voluminous skirts were heard switching down the broad staircase. It has often been a matter of speculation as to whether a man can be in love with two women at the same time; but without going into this delicate question, it is possible to imagine a man with a penchant for two women, though the experiment probably would be attended with great hazard and danger. Le Gautier forgot the dark-eyed Marie, as he gazed upon Enid's fairer charms.

'You have heard nothing of Maxwell?' he asked after a pause in the desultory conversation. 'A strange thing he does not write. Many men would imagine that such a thing is not altogether an accident; there are occasions when a little absence from the gaze of man is desirable, Miss Charteris.'

'Many men, as usual, would be wrong,' Enid answered coldly. 'You should not shield your want of charity by these generalities, Monsieur le Gautier, though perhaps you have derived benefit from these absences yourself, you seem to understand the subject so thoroughly.'

Enid was angry at his cool insolence, and replied to his want of taste by a little plain language herself; and her random shaft went home.

'You are severe; but really, while sorry for Maxwell, there is something in it which is comforting to me. Can you not guess what I mean?'

Enid Charteris, though guileless and pure as woman can be, had not mixed with the great world for nothing. She had had suitors enough to know what a proposal was, and above all things she dreaded one from this man. Some instinct told her he would be a dangerous enemy. 'You speak in riddles,' she said calmly. 'I have not been educated to the language of diplomacy. Pray, explain yourself.'

'Then I must be more explicit. Maxwell's absence rids me of a dangerous rival. Now he is away, the path is all the smoother for me. Need I tell you, Miss Charteris—Enid—that I love you? Surely you must have known that for a long time past. While another was in the way, I sealed my lips; but I can restrain myself no longer now.'

'It would be affectation not to understand you,' Enid replied with a calmness that boded ill for Le Gautier's success. 'I am sorry to hear it. If you are wise, you will not put me to the pain of a refusal.'

'I will take no refusal,' Le Gautier burst out passionately; 'for I swear that if you are not mine, you shall wed no other man. Enid, you must, you shall be mine! You may look upon me coldly now, but the time will come when you shall love me well enough.'

'The time will come when I shall—love—you?' The bitter scorn in these words stung Le Gautier to madness, stirring up a desperate passion in his veins, now that the prize seemed like slipping from his grasp. He fell at her feet on his knees. 'Hear me!' he exclaimed passionately—'only listen to me, Enid. I have vowed that you are the only woman I have chosen—the only girl I could really love. Such love as mine must win a return some day; only try; only give me a little chance of hope.'

'If you are a man, you will rise from that absurd position. Who am I, that you should kneel to me? You must take my word for it; and if you have any consideration for my feelings, you will change the subject.'

'And this is your absolute and final decision?'

'Yes, it is my absolute and final decision.'

Le Gautier rose to his feet, pale but smiling, and there was a darkly evil look upon his white set face. When he spoke again his words were cold and incisive. 'Consider, before you wilfully make an enemy of me.' He uttered the words with a low sibilation. 'I have made you an offer—the highest compliment I could pay, and you have scornfully rejected it. The next favour you ask from me you may seek for on your knees.'

'And to what purpose, sir, shall I ask a favour from you?'

'For your father,' Le Gautier answered quietly, though his tones were deep and earnest. 'You have guessed that Maxwell has gone away on a dangerous mission. Why should not Sir Geoffrey be chosen in his turn? And if so, who can save him? I, Hector le Gautier, and no other man.'

'And by whose evil counsel has my poor father been dragged into your infamous Brotherhood?—By yours alone! He would be a happy man now, if he had never known you'—

'On the contrary,' Le Gautier interrupted, 'I tried to save him. He has joined on his own wish. You do not credit my words. Go and

ask him now if my words are not true, and that, if it is not his dearest wish that you should become my wife.'

'He might think so,' Enid answered haughtily; 'but he does not wish it in his heart. Monsieur le Gautier, if you are a gentleman, you will cease this discussion. The subject is painful to me.' She stood there, looking at him coldly and scornfully.

But her very iciness only served to increase the warmth of his passion. 'I cannot!' he exclaimed. 'I will not cease! For five years, ever since I first met you at Rome, I have never ceased to love you. Bid me do anything in reason; ask me any favour; but to forget you is impossible!'

'I am sorry for you,' Enid said gently, touched a little by the ring of genuine passion in his voice—'I am sorry; but it cannot be. I do not break my pledges so lightly, even if I wished to do so.'

'Which you do not,' Le Gautier bitterly remarked. 'I do not care. I am desperate now. You despise and scorn me; but I will not be rejected thus. If you will not be my wife for my sake, you must for your father's and the honour of your house.' He stopped abruptly, for standing in the room was Sir Geoffrey, his face pale, and his whole aspect downcast and degraded to a pitiable degree.

Enid turned to her father eagerly. 'Did you hear these words?' she asked. 'Can it be possible that you—that I—that the honour of our house is in any man's hands? Can it be your wish, father, that I—I—should form an alliance with Monsieur le Gautier? Speak, and show him how mistaken he can be!'

But Sir Geoffrey never spoke. His head sank lower upon his breast. For the first time, he realised the sacrifice he had imposed upon his daughter, and so he stood there, an English gentleman no longer, but a poor enfeebled, shamefaced old man.

A wild feeling of alarm took possession of Enid as she saw this thing. 'Why do you not speak?' she demanded. 'What cause have you to hesitate in indorsing my words?'

Still the baronet never spoke, never raised his head.

Enid ran swiftly to his side and threw one arm round his shoulder. She could feel the spasm that struck him as he encountered her touch. 'Father,' she asked in a dull even voice, 'does your silence mean that he is right?'

'Yes, my dear child; he is right. There is no alternative.'

There is a providence which helps us in such times as these, a numbness of the senses that for a time deadens pain. Enid's voice was very calm as she turned to Le Gautier, standing there trying to disguise his triumph. 'I do not know what all this means,' she said. 'I do not understand whence you derive your power. I cannot think now. For his sake,' she continued, pointing to her father, 'I consent.'

Le Gautier sprang forward; but she repelled him with a glance.

'Listen to my conditions,' she continued. 'I have said I consent; but I warn you that if there is any loophole for escape from you, I shall take it. You are going away, you say. Nothing

must be done till your return, and then the contract shall be fulfilled. Now, go.'

When Lucrece entered the room a few moments later, she found her mistress lying unconscious upon the floor. Looking out of the window, she saw the slim figure of Le Gautier disappearing in the distance, and smiled. He was smiling, too, as he walked away. Nothing remained now but only the final interview with Marie, and to regain possession of the lost moidore. A few weeks at Warsaw, and then—

CHAPTER XV.

Maxwell had been gone a week now, and no tidings of him had reached England, save one letter to say he was in Rome. As Le Gautier turned away from Grosvenor Square, his heart one glow of triumph, he determined that, come what may, the artist should never see England again. When he returned from Warsaw, he calculated that, through Marie St Jean's assistance, all information concerning the League would be in the hands of the police, freeing him from any further bondage, and throwing all the odium and danger on her. Full of these schemes, he arrived at his lodgings. A telegram was lying on the table. He took it up mechanically, and tore it open. The contents were terse: 'Visci died this morning from heart disease.' Le Gautier was wild with rage. Here was a pretty combination, he thought. Nothing now to detain Maxwell in Rome. The victim had fallen by a higher Hand than that of man, and Maxwell was free.

As a Head Centre of the Order, Le Gautier wielded much power, and even now he did not despair, with the command of nearly all the desperadoes in Rome at his command. He had only to get Maxwell arrested in Rome on some false charge and carried to the mountains; and there—after a little delay and a packed meeting of the League—shot. Desperate men such as Le Gautier, especially with such a prize in their grasp, do not long hesitate over such a trifling matter as a human life, and he trusted to his own good luck and native audacity to pull him through.

It was getting dark the same night as he despatched a telegram to Rome, and then turned in the direction of Fitzroy Square. He was as eager now to see Isodore as he had been to encounter Enid in the afternoon, and looked forward not only to a pleasant evening but a remunerative one.

She did not keep him long waiting in the drawing-room ere she sailed in all smiles and welcome. She was looking radiantly beautiful to-night; there was a deeper flush on her face, and a glitter in her glorious eyes not usually seen there—signs of a loving welcome, Le Gautier imagined in his egotistical way. There was, besides, a warmth in her manner and a gladness in the pressure of her hand which inspired him, and sent an electric thrill coursing through his veins.

'You are looking more transcendently lovely than usual, Marie!' he exclaimed with a fervour unusual even to him. 'Every time I see you, there is some additional charm in you to note.'

'It depends upon whether the observing eye

is a prejudiced one,' she replied with a caressing smile, which brought him at once to her side. 'You say that now, Hector. How long will you continue to think so?'

'As long as I have power to think at all—as long as memory serves me. I shall remember you to the last day of my life.'

'I believe you will,' Isodore smiled bewilderingly. 'And yet, strange as it may seem, the time will perhaps come when you will wish you had never seen my face.'

'You are more than usually enigmatical to-night, Marie. You are a puzzle to me. I do not even know who you are. Tell me something about yourself, and why you are living in this solitude here.'

'No; not to-night; but, as I have often promised you, I will tell you some time. I will tell you who I am before you go away; and then, when your curiosity is satisfied, you will leave me.'

'Never!' Le Gautier exclaimed passionately. 'Leave you!—the only woman I ever saw that I could really love. Leave you, Marie! How can you entertain the bare idea!'

He would have approached her nearer, but she waved him gently but firmly aside. The distance she kept him fanned his passion all the more. 'Tell me something about yourself,' she said. 'That is a topic which never fails to interest me. How about the League, this Maxwell's journey? Has he accomplished his mission yet?'

'He is not likely to, now. Visci is dead!—Gracious powers, Marie! what ails you? Are you ill?'

Isodore uttered a sharp exclamation, and then reeled forward in her chair. Her face was white and drawn, her lips trembled. Gradually her bosom ceased to heave so painfully, and she turned to Le Gautier with a white wan smile, though he could see the fan still trembling in her hands. 'It is nothing,' she said with an effort. 'I am subject to these attacks of the heart, and any news of sudden death always affects me so.—Do not look distressed; it is past now.'

'There is nothing in the name to cause you any distress?' Le Gautier asked suspiciously.

'I have heard the name before, if that is what you mean. Tell me all you know of this Carlo Visci.'

'I did not say his name was Carlo,' Le Gautier observed, somewhat sharply. 'I can tell you nothing more. When I reached home this afternoon, I had a telegram to say he was dead.'

'And this Maxwell, what of him? I suppose he will return home now?'

'He has been somewhat dilatory in obeying orders. No; he will not return. He will be detained at Rome for the present.'

'Tell me why you hate this Englishman so.'

Le Gautier started. 'How do you know I hate him?' he asked. 'I have never said so.'

'Not in so many words; but in gesture and look, when you speak of him, your actions are eloquent, my friend. He has crossed your path. Ah, well, I like a good hater. Maxwell will suffer yet.'

'Yes,' Le Gautier exclaimed involuntarily, 'he will.'

Isodore rose and walked to the piano, where she sat for a moment striking the chords idly. 'When do you go to Warsaw?' she asked.

'I have six days remaining to me.—Marie, the time has come when we must no longer delay. The pear is ripe now; all my plans are matured. I have only to hold up my hand and the League will vanish.'

All this time, Isodore played on softly, musically, the music serving like the accompaniment of a song to force the speaker's voice. As he stood there, and she answered him, she never ceased to play the soft chords.

'Then you have everything prepared?'

'Yes, everything is ready.' He drew a low seat to her side, and seated himself there. 'All the names are made out, the whole plot prepared.'

'And you propose to hand them over to me. It is a great compliment; and I suppose I must take them. I would run greater risks than this for your sake and—my own.'

She took one hand from the ivory keys and held it out to him. Drawing a packet from his pocket, he gave it to her. She thrust it in her bosom, and ran her fingers over the keys again.

'All is there, I suppose,' she asked, 'down to the minutest detail, everything necessary to betray the League and pull it up root and branch? You have taken good care to shield yourself, I presume?'

'Of course.—And now, to talk of more pleasant things. You know I am going away in a few days; and when I return, I shall expect to find myself perfectly free.'

'You may depend upon me. I will do all I can for you.'

Le Gautier looked up sharply—the words were coldly, sternly uttered, but the quiet placid smile never left her face.

'How strangely you speak! But oh, Marie—my Marie, the only woman I ever loved, you will stand by me now, and help me, for both our sakes! Look at me, and say you will do what I ask!'

Isodore looked down, smiling brightly. 'Yes, I will do what you ask,' she said. 'And so you really love me?'

'Passionately and sincerely, such as I never expected to love woman yet.'

'I am glad to hear you say that,' Isodore replied with a thrill of exultation in her voice. 'I have waited and hoped for the time to come; but never in my wildest dreams did I look for this.'

'With your nobleness and beauty, how could it be otherwise? I should be more than a man—or less—if I looked upon you unmoved.'

'Then, for the first time for years, I am happy.'

Le Gautier started to his feet rapturously. He did not understand her yet; he thought the soft earnest words all for him. He would have caught her there and then in his eager arms, but again she repulsed him. 'No, no!' she cried; 'I have not proved you yet. Let things remain as they are till you return again to England.'

How strange, Le Gautier thought vaguely, that she should use words so similar to those of Enid to a precisely similar plea. Despite his passion, he had not thrown all prudence to the winds.

'You had better leave me now,' Isodore continued—'leave me to think and dwell over this thing.'

'But what about my badge of membership? I dare not leave England without that.'

'I had almost forgotten it in this interesting conversation. It is not in my possession; it is in Paris. You have a meeting of the League before you go for final instructions. Come to me after that, and you shall have it. I am going to Paris to-morrow, and will bring it with me.'

'You are a witch!' Le Gautier exclaimed with admiration. 'You seem to know as much as the mysterious Isodore, that princess who never shows herself unless danger besets the League. If she is the wonder men who have seen her say she is, they stand in dire need of her now.'

'Beware how you talk so lightly of her—she has the gift of fernseed. At this very moment she may know of your perfidy.'

'Perfidy is a hard word, my queen, and sounds not prettily.—And now, good-night. And you will not fail me?'

'I will not fail you,' Isodore replied with the stern inflection Le Gautier had noticed before, and marvelled over. 'I never fail.'

'A woman, and never fail!'

'Not in my promises. If I make a vow or pledge my word, I can wait five years or ten to fulfil it.—Good-night. And when we meet again, you will not say I have belied my contract.'

When Valerie entered some minutes later, she found Isodore with firm-set face and gleaming eyes. 'My brother is dead,' she said quietly. 'Poor Carlo! And he loved me so at one time. Now, he can never know.'

'Dead!' Valerie exclaimed. 'You do not mean to say'—

'That Maxwell killed him?—No. His heart has been failing for years, long before I left Rome; his life was not worth an hour's purchase. But I have no time to mourn over him now.—Let me see if I can do a little good with my useless occupation. I start for Rome to-morrow.'

Valerie looked at her friend in stupid astonishment.

'I cannot explain to you now. Maxwell is free to return home. As you know, it means destruction to Le Gautier's plans, if he does. I dared not press him too closely to-night; but Maxwell will be detained in Rome, in all probability by Paulo Lucci, till some charge can be trumped up for his destruction. But Lucci and his band dare not cross me; my power is too great for that. To-morrow, I leave for Rome, and pray heaven that I may not be too late!'

AMERICAN TRAITS.

It is usual in this country to regard the Americans as a homogeneous people, and to accept the Yankee as a fair type of the whole nation. But this is a fallacy. The inhabitants of the South, and more especially the descendants of the early French and Spanish colonists to be found in the Gulf States, differ radically in their morals, manners, and customs from the population of other sections of the Union. It is not, however, our purpose in this paper to enter into an extended disquisition upon the characteristics

of the people of the United States, our object being simply to touch briefly upon a few of their more prominent traits. The Puritan element in the character of the first settlers of New England has exercised an influence upon social life there which has not been confined to that limited area, but has made itself felt, in a more or less marked degree, throughout the whole of the Northern States. The differences of race and climate have, however, not only been obstacles to the inhabitants of the South accepting the Puritan standard of morals, but have also prevented the development of those traits of character to be found in the population of other parts of the country, and which are more peculiarly distinctive of the Americans as a people. We shall therefore limit ourselves to dealing with those national characteristics which have come under our observation in the Northern States.

That submission to the will of the majority which is inculcated by democratic institutions has exercised a marked influence upon the social no less than upon the political life of the people of the United States, save in the late Slave States. It has not only had the result of preventing the development of individuality of character, but likewise has considerably modified that obstinacy of temper and dogged tenacity of opinion which are to be found in the Anglo-Saxon race. The late Lord Beaconsfield on one occasion said in the House of Commons that a gentleman who had spent several years in America had declared to him that it was his belief that 'the citizens of the republic were the most tractable people in the world, and the readiest open to conviction by argument.'

In the United States, the absence of that segregation of the various grades of society which exist in Europe is evinced by the habits and manners of the masses in that country. If the national independence of character be occasionally pushed too far, and degenerate into offensive self-assertion, at least it prevents any approach to servility. No inequality of position or circumstances will induce a native of any of the Northern States to submit to being dealt with in the manner or spoken to in the tone which, in England, the man in broad-cloth too frequently adopts, as a matter of course, towards the man in fustian. The late Sydney Godolphin Osborne used to relate how, once, a respectable artisan said to him: 'I like you, my lord; there is nothing of the gentleman about you.' The meaning of the speaker was undoubtedly that Lord Osborne did not treat him in the patronising manner that members of the higher class usually address those whom they regard as their social inferiors. Now, no one perhaps has a keener appreciation of the advantages of wealth and education than the American; but that the possessor of them should feel himself justified in using towards the man who lacks these adventitious gifts the language of a superior to an inferior, is what he cannot understand, and which he will not for one moment put up with. An anecdote Thackeray used to relate of an experience of his when in the United States well illustrates this trait of the people. While in New York, he expressed to a friend a desire to see some of the 'Bowery Bhoys,' who, he had heard, were a class of the community peculiar to that city. So one evening he was taken to the

Bowery, and he was shown a 'Bhoys.' The young man, the business of the day being over, had changed his attire. He wore a dress-coat, black trousers, and a satin waistcoat; whilst a tall hat rested on the back of his head, which was adorned with long well-greased hair—known as 'soap-locks'—a style which the rowdies of that day affected. The youth was leaning against a lamp-post, smoking an enormous cigar; and his whole aspect was one of ineffable self-satisfaction. The eminent novelist, after contemplating him for a few moments with silent admiration, said to the gentleman by whom he was accompanied: 'This is a great and gorgeous creature!' adding: 'Can I speak to him without his taking offence?'

Receiving an answer in the affirmative, Thackeray went up to the fellow, on the pretext of asking his way, and said: 'My good man, I want to go to Broome Street.'

But the unlucky phrase, 'My good man,' roused the gall of the individual spoken to. Instead, therefore, of affording the information sought, the 'Bhoys'—a diminutive specimen of humanity, scarcely over five feet in height—eyeing the tall form of his interlocutor askance, answered the query in the sense that his permission had been asked for the speaker to visit the locality in question, and he said, patronisingly: 'Well, sonny, yer kin go thar.'

When Thackeray subsequently related the incident, he laughingly declared that he was so disconcerted by the unexpected response, that he had not the courage to continue the dialogue.

The question, however, differently put would, in all probability, have elicited a civil answer from ninety-nine out of a hundred of the members of the class to which the man belonged. In fact, the discourtesy, and even rudeness, of which some travellers in the United States complain have arisen from the fact of their failing to appreciate the difference existing between the social systems of that country and their own.

The wide gulf in culture which in England separates the upper and middle classes from the lower orders, does not exist in America. This has arisen from various causes. In the first place, the great bulk of the people of the Union are much better educated than is as yet the case in this country. The admirable system of common or, as they are termed, 'public' schools which prevails in America affords facilities for all children obtaining a sound English education without the payment by their parents of any school fees, and at a trifling cost to the taxpayer in all sections of the Union, and especially in the West, where large grants have been made of the State lands in support of the public schools. In the second place, the social status of the working classes who are *natives* of the United States has been raised by the fact that the Americans are almost exclusively engaged in avocations demanding intelligence and skilled labour. This has been owing to the circumstance that upon the coloured population and the Irish and German immigrants have devolved those coarse and irksome occupations which have to be followed by a portion of the inhabitants of other countries. To give one instance of this alone, it may be stated that rarely is a native American citizen, man or woman, found occupying the position

of a domestic servant in any of the Atlantic cities.

The wages, too, commanded by artisans and mechanics averaging nearly double those of the same class in other countries, it follows, necessarily, that vice and crime—the inevitable concomitants of a state of society in which the condition of the mass of the lower classes is but one step removed from absolute indigence, as is the case in most European countries—are not nearly so prevalent in America. In the New England States, where the foreign population is small, there is not a country in Europe—possibly with the exception of Holland—where there is so little crime. Few persons, indeed, are aware how much the foreign element in the community, in many of the States, contributes to the statistics of the offences which come under the cognisance of the criminal tribunals. In the State of New York alone, seventy per cent. of the infractions of the law are committed by the Irish, whilst the fair ratio of this class in proportion to the whole population would be a little less than twenty per cent.

One of the most marked characteristics of the Americans is their rooted determination to resist any legislation which shall recognise any class distinctions in the community. Of course, no one contends that the man of wealth, education, and culture is not the superior, in one sense of the word, of him who lacks these. The equality insisted upon is simply this: that no class of society shall make the circumstance of enjoying these adventitious advantages a ground for the members of it basing a claim to be a separate caste, possessing rights and privileges—granted in by law—denied to the bulk of their countrymen. This sentiment found expression in the opposition which the proposal met with, a few years ago, that persons in the Civil Service of the Federal government should be irremovable, save for misconduct, instead of being turned out of their places after every change of administration, as had previously been the case. It was argued that fixity of tenure of office would have the result of creating a bureaucracy, the members of which would come in time to regard themselves as a privileged class. That these apprehensions were unfounded, experience of the practical working of the new system of government patronage has proved. But the very fact of the objection having been raised at all shows how sensitive public opinion was on the subject.

One noticeable feature of American society is that in none of the Northern States does an officer in the army or navy enjoy the social status that he commands in all European countries. Holmes, in *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, has commented upon this trait of his countrymen. He says: 'It is curious to observe of how small account military folk are held among our Northern people. Our young men must gild their spurs, but they need not win them. The equal division of property keeps the younger sons of rich people above the necessity of military service. Thus, the army loses one element of refinement, and the moneyed upper classes forget what it is to count heroism amongst their virtues. Still, I don't believe in any aristocracy without pluck as its backbone. Ours may show it when the day comes, if ever it does come.'

The opportunity for young men of the wealthier class proving their manhood came sooner than Holmes anticipated when he penned the above remarks; for less than three years later, the civil war broke out, and then this class were not slack in responding to the call of their country for their services. Numerous instances occurred of young men reared in luxury—unable to obtain commissions owing to their want of military training—shouldering muskets in the ranks of the Federal armies; and their patriotism received due recognition from their fellow-citizens. But in time of peace it is the members of the community who are engaged in those pursuits best remunerated who are held in the highest estimation—a necessary result of a condition of society in which wealth is the standard by which social position is measured and defined. The girl who in the French song exclaims, 'Oh! que j'aime les militaires!' utters a sentiment which as a rule finds no echo in the hearts of the American fair. An odd illustration of this fact came under the observation of the writer when he was resident in New York. A lady—whose brother had been educated at the government Military Academy at West Point—gave, in all seriousness, the reason why this gentleman, after graduating, had not accepted a commission in the army, in these words: 'He had a higher ambition than to be a mere soldier, so he has become a dry-goods merchant.'

In New York, and indeed in all the larger Atlantic cities, a class has sprung up of late years which affects to look down upon the political and social institutions of their country. Mr Howells, in his novel *A Woman's Reason*, speaking of one of the Upper Ten, says: 'He saw what a humbug democracy and equality really were. He must have seen that nobody practically believes in them.' This sentiment may accurately reflect the opinions of a limited class, but it is an absolute fallacy to assert that such views are generally entertained. On the contrary, they have not to any appreciable extent permeated the people at large, and there is not the slightest likelihood of their affecting the national life or changing its standards.

In closing these desultory observations upon some of the characteristic traits of the Americans, the writer may state that they are based upon personal observation during a residence of several years in the United States.

COUSIN GEORGE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

MR NICHOLAS SMETHBY lived, in pretty easy circumstances, at a town some thirty or forty miles distant from London, from which metropolis he had retired on leaving off business. His profession had been, nominally, that of an accountant; but he had seldom troubled himself greatly about accounts, and had not received many commissions to investigate them. He had really been a speculator in stocks and shares, in a small but profitable way; and while he lent but little of his own money in loans, had made a great deal of profit as agent, or 'middleman,' between those who wished to borrow and those who were able to lend. So Mr Smethby had

lived in a circle in which it was necessary for him to have his wits about him, and in which a somewhat decided hankering for gain was likely to be developed; yet in this he was perhaps no worse than most of his neighbours; while, 'cute as he was, he was not a bad sort of fellow, take him altogether. He was pleasant and social enough in his family circle, a pretty large one, but reduced, as far as his own household was concerned, to one daughter, Harriet, the other members having married. Two of these had settled in the neighbourhood of Valeborough, the town referred to; while Mr Smethby had long been a widower. He had no other relations, that he knew of, and, as he was wont to say when speaking on the subject, he did not want to hear of any. His cousin, George Styles, was the last he had had much to do with, and, ah!—Mr Smethby would exclaim at such times as the subject was brought up—he did not care about any more like him.

'Twenty years ago, sir,' he would explain, 'he called on me with a cock-and-bull story of his being in trouble and wanting to get to Australia; and I was fool enough to lend him twenty pounds. Yes, sir, lent twenty pounds to a man I did not care two straws for, and had seen barely a dozen times in my life. What was the consequence? Why, I never heard any more of him or my twenty pounds either, and don't know to this day whether he went to Australia or not. I should decidedly say *not*. That is all I know about my relations.'

It must be owned that it was at the best a selfish kind of cheerfulness, which was derived from the belief that he had no kith or kin out of his own household; but Smethby was rather a selfish man. He certainly was too fond of droll talking in this strain.

It happened that, towards the close of a bright June day, Mr Smethby was at a railway station some two or three miles from his residence. To aid in identifying the town, we may say that there was another line which ran through or at least close to it; but from the station in question, an omnibus plied to Valeborough, and it was for this vehicle that Mr Smethby waited on the little platform.

'We shall have a wet night, I expect,' said a voice in his ear.

He looked round, and saw a sailor-like man, whom he had already noticed, and who was scanning the horizon in a sailor-like manner. Mr Smethby made a fitting reply to this remark, and a desultory conversation ensued. The expected omnibus now coming into sight as it crossed a rise in the road at some distance, Smethby instinctively shifted his valise a little nearer to the gate. The man good-naturedly helped him, as he was close to the bag, and exclaimed, as he saw the label upon it: 'Smethby! It is odd that I should see that name to-day, for it is not a common one.'

'I do not think it is often met with,' said Mr Smethby. 'But what is there odd in your seeing it to-day?'

'Well, perhaps not much,' replied the man, with a smile; 'but I was talking about that name a good deal yesterday, and for weeks before.'

'Indeed! May I ask how that was?' said his listener.

'I have just come from Australia,' returned the sailor. (Mr Smethby could not help growing suddenly attentive at this.) 'I landed yesterday at Gravesend, and bade good-bye to an old chum. Ah! he was a good chum too! Five years had I worked in the next claim to old George, as we called him. His right name was George Styles.'

'George Styles!' exclaimed Mr Smethby.—'But I must apologise for interrupting you.'

'He had done well—better than any of us,' continued the sailor. 'Some folks said he was worth a quarter of a million of money; but I never believed that; about half the figure would be nigher. He said he had no friends in England he cared for now, except one Mr Smethby. That is why the name startled me. He was always talking about him. It was on purpose to see him he went on to London with the ship; he lives somewhere in the City.'

'O—h!' said Mr Smethby. This was a long-sustained syllable, the gentleman having a curiously complicated rush of thought just then.

'Yes, he lives in London; and I think old George means playing a rare trick on him,' said the sailor, whose smile broke into a laugh here. 'He used to say what a game it would be to go and pretend he was poor and broken down, so as to see who were his real friends and who were not. It is my belief he will do it too; and when I go back to London, I'll try to find him out, to hear all about it. Ha, ha, ha!'

The omnibus drew up at this moment; and the sailor, knowing their conference must end, touched his cap and drew back.

'A—was this George Styles really so rich? I ask, because your story has interested me,' said Mr Smethby hurriedly. 'He must be a droll fellow!'

'Rich! Why, I've seen with my own eyes the banker's receipts for the best part of a ton of gold of his, first and last,' returned the sailor; 'and that was only a part of his luck. His last words to me were: "Bill"—my name is Bill Brown—"Bill, as long as I live, you shall never want a friend." Nor I shan't, I know.—Good-day, sir.'

Mr Smethby entered the vehicle, and had a silent, thoughtful ride to Valeborough. The sailor's conversation, helter-skelter and rattle-brain as it was, had furnished him with much food for thought; and finding that his son was at his house, when he arrived there—this son was married and settled at Valeborough—he immediately took him, with Miss Harriet, into council. During his narrative, repeated exclamations of astonishment broke from his hearers.

'Why, father,' cried his daughter as he finished, 'this must be your cousin George; and you are the Mr Smethby he is looking for.'

'Of course I am; I saw that at once,' replied her father.

'But what is to be done?' asked Mr Joe, the son. 'You have left London for years; he may be looking about for you till doomsday, and be no nearer finding you.'

'I suppose he will go to my old address. The people there know where I am, and will send him down,' said Mr Smethby. 'I expect that is how it will be.'

'I hope so, I am sure,' continued his son; 'otherwise, we may lose a splendid chance.'

Smethby could not help admitting the possibility of this, which seemed to disturb him a good deal, yet nothing could be done to avert it.

'We must be careful to show him every kindness,' said Harriet. 'After having been away from England so long, he will feel pleased at'—

'Leave me alone,' interposed Smethby, with a nod and a wink, which meant much. 'I flatter myself I can see my way here pretty clearly. I only hope he comes, that is all.'

Mr Smethby would have written to his successors in London, asking them to give his address to any inquirer; but he abstained, partly because he felt sure they would do this in any case, but chiefly from the danger that his request might be mentioned to his cousin, and so show that he, Mr Smethby, had a knowledge of his arrival in England.

No days in the lives of Mr Smethby and his family had ever appeared so long as each of the next two or three which followed their little family interview. The suspense was—as the elder gentleman pronounced it to be—'excruciating'; but it came to an end in time.

Mr Smethby was in his front-garden in the afternoon, trying to occupy himself; but his mind was busy on a subject very different from botany, when, happening to look up from his flower-beds, he met the eyes of a man who was watching him over the fence, as this man stood on the footpath. He smiled when he met the glance of Smethby, who actually recoiled in his astonishment; for although he had been thinking without cessation of his cousin, yet it was like an electric shock in its suddenness to look round and find the very man face to face with him; for this was, must be, he felt, George Styles. He did not know him, had no recollection of his features; but the bronzed, bushy-whiskered, bushy-bearded man, dressed something like a sailor, yet not to be mistaken for one, who smiled at him across the garden fence, was his cousin, there could be no doubt of that.

'Well, Nick, old fellow!' began the stranger; 'I see you know me, although it is many years since we parted.'

'Why, it is George Styles!' exclaimed Mr Smethby, with an assumption of surprise and 'gush' which did him infinite credit, and of which he felt secretly proud for a good while. He seized the other's hand and wrung it over the fence with a prolonged heartiness, as though he could not bear to relinquish it. 'My dear old boy, how glad I am to see you!' he resumed, as soon, it appeared, as his feelings would allow him to speak. 'Come in. How did you find me out? But never mind that now. Come in! I shall have a thousand things to talk about.—This is Harriet; the only unmarried one now; she was in arms when you went away, so I don't expect you to remember her.—Now, Harriet, let us have a cup of tea; and put the best we have in the house on the table to-day, if we never do so again.'

'You are almost too kind, Nick,' said the other, and there was really a little catch in his voice as he spoke. 'I did not expect—indeed, I don't deserve such generosity. I think I had first better run down to the *Railway Tap* and bespeak my room there, for I hope to stay three or four days at Valeborough.'

'Three or four days!' exclaimed Mr Smethby; 'bespeak a room at the *Railway Tap*! I don't mean to part with you, now I have found you again, under three or four months; and if you do not make this your home for everything, I—I—I'll never forgive you.'

Miss Harriet, in an equally gratifying strain, indorsed these sentiments, at which Styles was evidently affected.

'I did not expect—could not have hoped for this,' he returned; 'and seeing that I have returned a—a poor man'—the awkward stop he made, ere he could get this out, amused Smethby—'it is so kind of you. If it will not cause any inconvenience, I will stay here a little while, and I will do anything I can to repay your generosity'—

Here he was interrupted by the good-tempered laughter which such an idea excited, and the evening passed off merrily.

Mr Joe and his wife looked in—by chance, as they explained; as did Mr Brooks and his wife—formerly Miss Susy Smethby—who came also by chance; the result being that there was quite a jovial party, and that Mr Styles received the warmest invitations to become a frequent visitor at the house of Mr Joe and at that of Mr Brooks.

After this night, too, there was unwonted pleasantries at Mr Smethby's, for not only his family but some of the neighbours were constantly dropping in, and it was wonderful what an interest they all took in the gentleman from Australia. The latter was very guarded—kept up his character well, did him great credit, Mr Joe said. But no one can avoid an occasional flaw, and one or two were detected even in him. He was wont to deplore the hardships which unsuccessful men suffered in a colony—in fact, he did not like to enter on any detail of his painful experiences—never would do so.

'Your hardships do not seem greatly to have injured you, George,' his host would answer; 'you look a good ten years younger than your age; and many a man who has never been fifty miles from London shows the wear and tear of toil and worry, of which you complain so much, more than you do.'

'Ah! but it is the future!' Mr Styles would say, when such a debate arose—he would say it with a sad shake of the head—'it is the future which preys on my mind, what I am to do for the rest of my life.'

It was difficult for Mr Smethby, knowing so much as he did, to listen gravely to such arguments as these; but he was grave, and his manner encouraged Styles to confide in him—after a fashion.

He soon showed an interest in speaking of certain Australian investments which it appeared some friend of his thought highly of; a shallow ruse, not likely to deceive such a man as his cousin. Styles further mentioned that a gold-miner whom he knew had put ten thousand pounds into one of these speculations less than two years before, and he could now sell out for thirty thousand any day he chose; but he was too good a judge to do that, as in another two years the present value would be doubled, and then, perhaps, he might be tempted to realise. This same miner, as he had heard, held five or six

other investments, nearly all as good, and was in expectation of hearing news which would enable him to employ the other half of his capital, which was now lying idle—only making a paltry three per cent.—quite as well. All this Mr Styles had heard from his friend.

All this amused Smethby, who read his visitor the more thoroughly in proportion as the latter sought to envelop himself in these far-fetched disguises. No additional proof was needed to satisfy Smethby; but the evidence was in a manner forced upon him to expose most completely the absurd trick which his cousin was attempting to play off upon him.

Harriet found a letter on the floor of their visitor's room: it would have been expecting too much from the feminine, or perhaps from any temperament, to suppose she would not read it. Its contents were so interesting, although exceedingly brief, that she showed the note to her father. It was from a firm in London, a stockbroker's evidently, referring to some inquiry from 'George Styles, Esq.' as to the purchase of shares to the amount of twenty thousand pounds, in the Bodganaree mines—the very speculation that Smethby had heard his cousin refer to in their last conversation as being in great favour with the unnamed gold-miner! The shares were low at present, the letter said, and could be bought at about eighty per cent., so that a little over sixteen thousand pounds would be sufficient.

'That settles it, then,' said Smethby. 'Be sure to put the letter back where you found it, Harriet; and mind what I told you the other day. Play your cards properly, and I am sure you will win.'

This utterance was rather obscure; but his daughter understood it well enough to induce her to pout and frown a little, and to move with what is generally described as a 'flounce.'

'Ah! it is all very well,' said the gentleman; 'but you ought to know better than to dream of allowing a quarter of a million of money to go out of the family.—Who is Robert Crewe, I should like to know?'

This speech would have been, to a third party, equally obscure with that which had gone before; but as we do not wish to have any mystery, we may explain that, almost from the first, Cousin George had appeared much impressed by Harriet's good looks, and had shown her attentions which gradually became more marked. He was five-and-twenty years older than the girl, it was true; but as he had himself said to Smethby, a man ought to be a good deal older than a woman, when they marry; and when a man had been abroad, knocking about the world best part of his time, he then knew what a home was, and felt the want of a young and cheerful wife.

All this Smethby had pointed out to his daughter before; but was shocked to find—for he really considered her a sensible, clear-headed girl, as a rule—that a ridiculous friendship with one Robert Crewe, a doctor's assistant in the town, blocked the way of this new road to wealth and position.

Robert Crewe! Smethby had not ordinary patience with the idea. He admitted that he had known of, and in some sort of way approved, or, rather, had not forbidden this intimacy—it was in this roundabout manner he now described

his conduct—and the young fellow, in his place, might be well enough; but to compare him and his miserable gallipot and sticking-plaster prospects, with George Styles, was enough to put any man out of temper. Robert Crewe, forsooth!

Yet, with all this natural indignation and in spite of this sarcasm, Miss Harriet could not quite make up her mind to renounce the young doctor; but it might come in time.

That very night—after the discovery of the letter, we mean—Mr Styles on his return broached two subjects which were strongly suggestive, especially when his hearers were behind the scenes to a degree he did not suspect. These hearers were only Mr Smethby and his daughter. It was a quiet night, such as delighted Mr Styles; he really appeared to enjoy himself pretty well under all conditions; but he declared this evening that a snug little family chat was sweeter than anything else, to an old wanderer like himself. Port, sherry, and claret were at hand; for while Smethby was, as a rule, strictly economical, so that wine rarely appeared at his table, his hospitality to his cousin led him into a freer display of such luxuries now, than of old. But the taste of Mr Styles was simple—old-fashioned, he said; and he drank scarcely anything but cold brandy-and-water, to which he was remarkably partial. It was over a glass of this innocent beverage—always mixed half and half, at which, even in his bloom of hospitality, Mr Smethby winced—that he spoke of the subjects indicated. He referred to a friend of his—it was odd how satisfied he seemed with this shallow artifice, and how often he resorted to it—who was about to buy a small property near London. This property was at Richmond—only a mere toy, a little villa, with coachhouse and stables; a pretty conservatory, with a couple of acres of land—that was all. It was freehold—his friend would have nothing else—and it commanded the prettiest view on the river.

Now, what was Miss Harriet's opinion? Did she prefer living in the country outright, or near London? What did she think of his friend's choice? Harriet hesitated, and her colour went and came; but Smethby spoke up for her, and said that, like every other young girl, she would prefer living near the great metropolis, with its theatres, its balls, its parks and the like.—O yes! of course. Harriet but feebly echoed this opinion, which was repeated and enlarged on by Smethby.

Later in the evening, when the elders were alone, Styles brought up his friend again; it was, as before, in reference to an investment, and Mr George said how he wished his cousin had a little money to spare, as he knew—his friend knew, that was—of a chance for doubling and trebling every penny invested.

Smethby, with his usual good-tempered laugh—he was always good-tempered, when with Styles—said that for all George knew he might have a trifle by him. On hearing this, his cousin expressed his pleasure, and said that his friend was going to invest nearly twenty thousand pounds in the spec. Such figures were beyond Smethby, as that gentleman owned; but one, or even two thousand, he might command. In short, ere they parted that night, he had resolved to remove his cash from his deposit account at

the town bank and join this friend in his speculation.

Styles was pleased to hear this; and when Smethby said he should like to see his friend, laughed, and confusedly said he would tell his cousin more about him soon.

ECONOMY OF FUEL.

MR HULL, a celebrated geologist, has calculated that there is still a quantity of coal in store in England and Wales sufficient to afford a supply of one hundred and twenty millions of tons for about five hundred years. This would be a cheerful estimate, if we could cordially and unquestioningly accept it. But, unfortunately, we cannot, other competent observers having affirmed that the coal deposits of this country will be exhausted in less than two hundred years. We would, therefore, urge with all earnestness, that the people and the government should pay more especial attention to this vital subject than they have hitherto done.

Of course, there are two chief points on which any interference could be effectual: these are, the exportation of coal, and the wasteful processes of mining now in vogue. The former of these involves the great question of free-trade, and the right of each coal-proprietor to sell the produce of his land and labour at the best possible price. The latter is even a still more difficult thing to meddle with, and must, perhaps, be met rather by the provisions made on the part of landed proprietors, when leasing their subterranean property to practical miners, than by anything government can do. At present, the proprietor, having a life-interest in his estate, desires to obtain from the mines the largest amount of the most valuable coal at the smallest working loss. The result is, that vast quantities of inferior but yet valuable material are left in the pits; quantities that would do something towards meeting the growing consumption in this kingdom.

Selfish, narrow-minded people might exclaim: 'Oh! there will be quite enough of coal to last us our time. We don't expect or want to live for ever; therefore, we won't bother ourselves about the economy of fuel.'

Let us remind such unpatriotic mortals that our manufacturing and commercial interests rest upon our supplies of coal as their foundation-stone. Our commercial rivals across the Atlantic possess magnificent coal-fields, that are practically of indefinite extent. Exhaust *our* coal-fields, and their supremacy will become complete. It behoves each and every one of us to think of the future of our country and of the interests of those who come after us.

Perchance some cynic may say: 'What has posterity ever done for me? Let posterity take care of itself.'

'Very well,' we reply; 'let posterity do for itself. Let us only be influenced by selfish and non-altruistic principles, and think only of ourselves. The question is, how can we put money into our own pockets by using less coal than we do?'

First, we can do so by using proper grates. Down to the time of Count Rumford, the modern world of coal-burners never thought of the true

theory of caloric in connection with grates. Burners of wood had not tried to be economical; they did not expect to be warm on more than one side. When their bodies were scorched and their eyes smarted, they had what they bargained for. Rumford appeared as a new teacher; he laid down the principles of heat and combustion with admirable clearness, and flooded England with grates of his favourite type. But in spite of the teachings of the Count, coal-fires of to-day are as dirty, chilly, and as wasteful as ever.

The waste of coal in Britain is positively disgraceful. One hundred and twenty millions of tons are consumed every year. Of this, one half might be saved by the adoption of improved appliances. About thirty million pounds sterling might thus be kept in our banks, instead of being turned into cinders and smoke. The pall of smoke and fog that broods over London contains in a single day fifty tons of coal! The fact is that we burn coal in house-fires on an entirely false principle—that is, on the principle of a blast-furnace, letting cold air pass through the centre of the fire, to blaze the coal rapidly away, and hurry the heat and half-burnt gases unused up the chimney. We have to go back to the good old principle of the embers on the earth, when the hearth was, as it is at the present day in many Irish cottages, a true 'focus,' a centre of accumulated heat. We must, then, return to truer lines, and make our fireplace again a 'focus' or 'well' of stored heat, into which we put our fuel, first to be distilled into gas, which, rising at a high temperature from its hot bed, meets the air gliding towards the chimney, and bursts into flame, communicating heat to the firebrick back and to the room. Then, when all the gases have been burnt off, the red-hot coke remains, and burns away in the bottom of the grate at a slow rate, yet radiating abundant heat into the room.

This desirable end is gained by using Mr Teale's 'Economiser.' The 'Coal Economiser' is simply a shield of sheet-iron which stands on the hearth, and rises as high as the lowest bar of the grate, against which it should fit accurately, so as to shut in the space under the fire. Any ordinary blacksmith can make the 'Economiser.' It is applicable to any range, whether in the cottages of the poor or the mansions of the rich. Those who wish for greater elegance can have it made of steel or brass. Its chief purpose is to cut off the under current, and to keep the chamber under the fire hot.

Count Rumford affirmed that seven-eighths of the heat was carried up the chimney. Heat is wasted in three ways: by combustion under the influence of a strong draught; by imperfect combustion; by the escape of heat through the sides and the back of the fireplace. By using the 'Economiser' all this is altered. If there is plenty of heat round the fuel, then but little oxygen will do. But burn coal with a chilling jacket, and it needs a fierce draught of oxygen to sustain it. High temperature does not imply complete combustion, for in making gas, coke is left. When the 'Economiser' is applied, the fire burns with an orange colour, for the stream of oxygen is slow and steady, and the coal undergoes complete combustion; consequently, there is an entire absence of cinders, and only a little

fine snuff-like powder falls into the 'economised' chamber. Smoke is also conspicuous by its absence.

In a recent lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, Mr Teale mentioned several additional points about the structure of fireplaces, which tend to the saving of fuel. (1) As much firebrick and as little iron as possible should be used. Iron absorbs the heat, and chiefly in directions in which the heat is least wanted. Firebrick retains and accumulates heat. (2) The back of the fireplace should lean or arch over the fire, so as to become heated by the rising flame. The heated back sends forth abundant radiant heat into the room. 'Milner's' back is a capital arrangement; so is the Nelson 'Rifle' back. (3) The bottom of the grating should be deep from before backwards. (4) The slits in the grating should be narrow; this prevents small cinders from falling through. (5) The bars in front should be narrow.

If the foregoing instructions are attended to, there will be an enormous saving of fuel. Soot and smoke will be diminished, and there will be no half-burnt cinders.

The late Sir William Siemens was an ardent advocate for the use of gas as a heating agent. At the British Association of 1882, he said: 'The time is not far distant when both rich and poor will largely resort to gas, the most convenient, the cleanest, and cheapest of heating agents, and when raw coal will only be seen at the colliery or gasworks. In all cases where the town to be supplied is within, say, thirty miles of the colliery, the gasworks may with advantage be placed at the mouth, or, still better, at the bottom of the pit, whereby all haulage of fuel would be avoided, and the gas in its ascent from the bottom of the colliery would acquire an onward pressure sufficient, probably, to impel it to its destination.' No doubt, if this scheme could be realised, we would all be deeply indebted to the great man who first suggested it. More than one half of the coal now consumed would be saved by its adoption. At present, we must be content with the old order of things.

It is astonishing, however, that so few people employ gas instead of coal as a cooking agent, especially in summer. It secures an immense saving of labour, not to speak of its superiority over coal in respect to coolness. In the hot summer days, cooking with a coal-fire in an ordinary range is a tremendous trial to the poor cook. The kitchen is like an oven. What a difference if gas is used! The moment it is no longer required it can be turned off, and the temperature of the kitchen is soon lowered. By using a gas-stove, no coal is required during the summer. It is less expensive than coal. Of course, care must be taken to have it turned off directly it is no longer required, and a proper economy exercised in its use. Mr Fletcher, of Warrington, a high authority on gas for cooking and heating purposes, says: 'The cost of gas, even if wastefully used, must be considered not only as regards the saving of coal, but also, what is far greater, the saving in weight of meat roasted, which is considerable, and the reduced wear and tear, waste, dirt, and consequent labour. Taken altogether as affecting the total housekeeping expenses, gas is cheaper than

coal for cooking at any price not exceeding twelve or fourteen shillings per thousand cubic feet; coal being, say, twelve to fourteen shillings per ton.' The majority of people, however, pay very much less for their gas, and more for coal; in which case, gas will be much cheaper than coal.

Asbestos heated by gas makes a suitable fire. It is cleanly, quiet, free from dust, and convenient; and it can be turned on or extinguished in an instant.

Enough has been written to show that economy of fuel is not merely theoretical and fanciful, but that it is practicable and worthy of earnest attention.

THE SIGN OF THE RED INDIAN.

JUST on the outskirts of the seaport and garrison town of Chubleigh, in the south-west of England, stands a little old-fashioned hostelry called the *Red Indian*. How it came by its name is involved in obscurity. The antiquity of the inn is undoubted, and a tradition is current in the district, that during the unfortunate Monmouth's rebellion it was used as the temporary headquarters of Colonel Kirke. In its back-garden, a wooden seat is still shown to visitors on which that bloodthirsty officer, surrounded by his 'lambs,' is alleged to have sat in judgment, and thence ruthlessly consigned to the gallows scores of the unoffending rustics of the locality. From time immemorial, the *Red Indian* has been in the hands of a family named Slade. The present proprietor, though, generally speaking, as deliberate in manner as John Willet, is yet apt to be garrulously communicative in talking of his inn and its interesting historical associations. Above the rustic porch over the door there is fixed a large, rudely carved, wooden figure of a savage holding in its hand a tomahawk. The Indian's nose was long ago knocked off by a well-directed stone thrown by some mischievous urchin; his original coat of paint has peeled off, and large cracks are visible, which run the whole length of the figure. Altogether, this Indian is as disreputable-looking a sign as a traveller might perceive throughout the length and breadth of England. Nevertheless, it is in connection with this dilapidated timber savage that the writer obtained, from the landlord of the *Red Indian*, materials for the following story.

When the present century was in its infancy, the son of the then proprietor, and grand-uncle of the present landlord, was engaged in the capacity of boatswain of a privateer, which had been fitted out with the object of preying on the French merchant service. In the Mediterranean, the privateer captured a large vessel, which in part was laden with the product of the labours of a Parisian curiosity-hunter, who had been despoiling ancient Grecian temples, with the object of supplying the virtuosi of the French metropolis with antique sculptures and bronzes, and thereby securing a large profit to himself.

The privateersmen were greatly disappointed at not finding specie, and what they considered marketable merchandise, on board the Frenchman, and attached but little value to the battered though priceless bas-reliefs and statues. Boat-swain Slade took a great fancy to a life-sized bronze gladiator, which he considered would prove an acceptable addition to the attractions of the back-garden of his father's inn, and managed, for a few shillings, to effect its purchase from the captain.

Shortly after the glorious victory of Trafalgar, the privateer was paid off at Chubleigh; and the boatswain conveyed the statue on shore to his father's inn. The gladiator was placed on a brick pedestal, flanked on either side by two rusty caronades; and the bareness of the surroundings was relieved by the artistic disposal of a number of huge shells which the boatswain had brought from 'foreign parts.' The host of the *Red Indian*, however, was soon struck by the idea of making the figure a sign for his hostelry. He had but little sentimental regard for the rich green mould of antiquity, so, with execrable vandalism, carefully scraped it off the statue, and had the gladiator painted a bright scarlet by a local artist, who took payment for his work in the old ale for which the hostelry was famous. This operation performed, the metamorphosed gladiator was removed to a prominent position in front of the inn door, and for years did duty as a *Red Indian*. Its brilliant appearance was a perpetual source of gratification and delight to the host and his numerous customers; while inquiring strangers were proudly informed that it had been captured from the frog-eaters. Once a year the extemporised Indian received a fresh coat of paint; and save when its head was decorated at times with a disused tin pail or an old hat by some facetious individuals, it was not otherwise interfered with.

At the close of the year 1815, Chubleigh was *en fête* in connection with the disembarkation of the 31st Regiment of Light Dragoons, which during that year had performed doughty service at Waterloo, and which had just returned from the occupation of Paris. The piping times of peace had again returned, and, naturally enough, the officers and men who had assisted to destroy the power of the once dreaded 'Boney' were the objects of popular pride and enthusiasm among the inhabitants of the town. When the regiment settled down in quarters, invitations to the houses of the principal townsmen were showered on the officers, and each vied with the other to entertain these heroes of Waterloo.

The younger officers, several of whom had left school to join their regiment in Belgium, gave themselves prodigious airs; but no one considered himself of so much importance as a raw young Connaught-man, a cornet named Mike Macnamara. Mike, a warrior of about nine months' service, created great amusement both in the officers' mess and in the houses to which he was invited by boasting about the number of Frenchmen whom he had placed *hors de combat* in the late short but eventful campaign. His bounce together with his extreme simplicity rendered him the butt of his brother-officers, and he was in consequence the victim of numerous practical jokes. In these days,

and for many years subsequently, rough horse-play and the perpetration of the most uncomfortable imaginable practical jokes were characteristic of the spirited gentlemen who officered the regiments of British cavalry. Those of our readers who took the trouble, some years ago, to wade through the evidence at the Tichborne trial, will remember the description of the ruthless tricks played on the simple undoubted Roger by his brother-carabineers. At the present day, military practical joking is somewhat out of fashion, and any games that may be played are curtailed of their former disagreeable proportions, and have assumed a comparatively mild character.

Cornet Macnamara's room was the favourite arena for a display of the ingenious tricks of his facetiously inclined brother-officers. Thistles and dead cats were placed between his sheets; trapfuls of live rats were let loose in the apartment; the nuts of his iron bedstead were unscrewed, so that when the poor fellow turned in, the framework of the couch tumbled to pieces and landed the mattress on the floor, while at the same time he was doused by a tub of water from the shelf above, which was fastened with cord to the mattress, and upset simultaneously with the collapse of the bed. On such occasions Mike was naturally wroth, and expressed himself as anxious to call out the offenders; but despite his utmost vigilance and caution, he could never capture his tormentors.

Late one evening, a party of revellers from barracks were passing the *Red Indian*, when they espied the vermilioned gladiator. Nothing would satisfy them but to feloniously remove the statue and return with it to quarters—a work of considerable difficulty, as the figure was heavy. Arrived thither with their load, some one suggested that it should be placed in Cornet Macnamara's room; and this idea was hailed with general enthusiasm. A scout was despatched to the messroom, in order to keep watch on Mike's movements, and give the alarm in case he should appear on the scene. With great labour the gladiator was hoisted to the top of the staircase of the officer's house; and Mike's room door having been forced open, the jokers placed the statue in front of his dressing-table, on the top of an inverted iron coal-box. The staircase at the time was in process of being whitewashed, so the officers obtained possession of a tub of the mixture, and smeared the '*Red Indian*' a dirty white; then taking the sheets from Mike's bed, they hung them about the figure, turning it into a respectable-looking ghost. Afterwards, the officers dropped one by one into the messroom, and joined a group who were listening with great amusement to a new-fangled story which was being retailed by Macnamara regarding his prowess at Waterloo.

Mike, after clapping an additional two Frenchmen to the previous grand total of the number who had fallen by his sword, as narrated in his tale of the previous night, left the messroom in order to proceed to his quarters, whither, in a minute or two, he was stealthily followed by the whole of the officers, who anticipated great fun from the consternation of their victim when beholding the ghastly apparition in his bedroom. Mike gaily entered the apartment, singing

a love ditty of his native land, and began to fumble for his tinder-box. After several attempts, he at last managed to light his candle, and of course at once perceived the ghost. The cornet was filled with the superstitious notions of a certain section of his countrymen, and started back nearly overcome with terror. 'Ye saints in glory! what's that?' he cried; then leaving the room, he plunged madly down the staircase, and rushed yelling across the parade ground in the direction of the messroom. In his headlong progress, poor Mike did not observe a party of two ladies and a gentleman, who happened to be the colonel, accompanied by his wife and daughter, who had just returned from a dinner-party. Mike ran full tilt against his commanding officer, and knocked him into a puddle in the barrack square. The ladies screamed loudly; and the colonel, with many objurgations, got on his feet and confronted his assailant.

'You—Cornet Macnamara!' he angrily exclaimed. 'What do you mean, sir, rushing about like a madman at this time of night? Consider yourself under arrest, sir.'

'Faith, colonel,' answered the unfortunate Mike, 'I am very sorry, sorr, but I did not percaive ye. But, sorr, I wint up to me room just now, and as I hope for salvation, I found the divil in it, wid a big white shate wrapped round him!'

The irate colonel at once surmised that another trick had been played on his subordinate; so he sent the ladies home to quarters, and then called loudly for the sergeant of the guard with a file of men.

When this detachment of the guard appeared on the scene, the colonel ordered them to follow him to Macnamara's room, where, by the light of the sergeant's lantern, he showed the trembling cornet that there was nothing supernatural in the character of the figure that had frightened him so much. He then, under the circumstances, relieved Mike from arrest and proceeded home.

Mike waited until the commanding officer and the men of the guard were clear of the staircase, and then slid the gladiator off the coal-box. He edged the statue to the top of the stair, and by main strength toppled it over the banister; and an instant later, with a loud crash, the gladiator was smashed into fragments on the flagstones of the lobby, four stories beneath.

It is needless to say that there was great anger and consternation in the breast of the worthy host of the *Red Indian* when, next morning, he awoke and found that his cherished statue had mysteriously disappeared. It was not long, however, before he obtained a clew to its whereabouts, as a customer informed him that late the previous night he 'met a lot of milingitary chaps carrying summut' in the direction of the barracks. This 'summut' Mr Slade shrewdly conjectured was his 'Red Indian'; and he at once wrote to the regimental quarters to make inquiries into the matter.

When the poor landlord discovered the gladiator in its fragmentary state, he became most angry and abusive; but was somewhat consoled when an emissary from the mess informed him that the officers would make good the damage, and requested him to inform them by letter next day the price at which he valued his statue. The

landlord then procured the services of a passing cart and had the pieces removed to the inn. After a long consultation with his wife, he decided to assess the damage at ten guineas; and by way of making the most of the business, communicated with a marine store-dealer in town, intending to sell the smashed gladiator as old metal.

The colonel made the most strenuous though unavailing efforts to discover the practical jokers, and roundly abused the whole of the mess for their treatment of poor Mike; but after a while, the affair passed off in a general laugh.

Affairs, however, were speedily fated to take a turn which caused the implicated parties to laugh the other way. A large vessel arrived in the port of Chubleigh from Alexandria, which had among her passengers a celebrated London virtuoso, who, some months before, had been induced to pay a visit to Egypt by reason of the excitement produced in antiquarian circles by the discoveries of the celebrated Belzoni. This gentleman was posting to London when his chaise broke down opposite the *Red Indian*, and he entered the hostelry while the vehicle was being repaired. After partaking of a little refreshment, he took a walk in the garden, and his eye caught the fragments of the gladiator, which had been shot in a corner while waiting the arrival of the marine store-dealer's cart. Having elicited the story of the statue from the host, the antiquary submitted the pieces to a most careful examination; and despite the whitewash and coats of paint with which the figure had been adorned, he recognised it as a specimen of the work of the renowned ancient Greek sculptor Lysippus; and in answer to the excited inquiry of the astonished landlord, appraised its value at six hundred pounds!

Having, at the host's urgent request, given a written opinion on the matter, the virtuoso departed on his journey, and then Mr Slade hurried with his certificate to a Chubleigh attorney, in whose hands he placed the matter, with instructions to leave no stone unturned to recover the full amount from the officers.

Words could scarcely express the chagrin of the purloiners of the gladiator, when the colonel of the 31st Light Dragoons read at mess the contents of the letter he received from the legal adviser of the landlord of the *Red Indian*. The commanding officer further significantly hinted that the implicated parties would have to uphold their reputation as officers and gentlemen by paying the amount demanded, or run the risk of being cashiered.

At first, the jokers were inclined to dispute the claim, and invited the opinion of an expert; but that authority, when he had inspected the figure, corroborated the London man's decision, with a further assurance that the statue was cheap at the money.

Cornet Macnamara, with reasonable show of justification, stoutly declined to pay a farthing of the six hundred pounds. It was, however, with a very bad grace, indeed, that the sum was subscribed by the interested parties; and served as a valuable lesson to them to modify for the future their spirit of mischief.

When Mike discovered the identity of his tormentors, he sent a challenge to each, and an

arrangement was come to by which a representative was selected by ballot to meet the Irishman. The old trick of leadless pistols was resorted to; the combatants fired three shots at each other without any perceptible result, and then the seconds interfered, and declared honour satisfied.

A Jew purchased the fragments of the gladiator from the officers for a few guineas; but the wily Israelite well knew that a genuine Lysippus is almost as valuable broken as whole. He had the pieces skilfully rejoined, and disposed of the statue to a local virtuoso for a large sum, who in turn bequeathed it to the Chubleigh Museum.

With part of the money the lucky landlord of the *Red Indian* received for his gladiator, he invested in a wooden figure, which did duty for a sign equally well, and which he placed above the porch out of the reach of predatory officers, and where, as has been mentioned, it still stands, battered, cracked, and mouldy.

Shortly after the episode of the gladiator, the 31st Light Dragoons were hurriedly despatched to Lancashire, in order to quell the bread riots which had broken out in that county; and the actors in the comedy just narrated were heard of no more by the good folks of Chubleigh.

A little more remains to be told of the statue by Lysippus. We must come down to 1851, the year in which the Great Exhibition was held in Hyde Park. A middle-aged Frenchman landed at Chubleigh from Havre on his way to London, and while taking a walk about the town, entered the *Red Indian*. The landlord, who had profited so handsomely by his statue, had years before gone to his rest, and his son the ex-boatswain, then an aged man, reigned in his stead. The Frenchman was interested in learning that his host had taken a share in the old war, and after a time, he had narrated to him the whole history of the statue.

'Vat vas de name of de vessel you took?' he eagerly asked.

'The *Hercules*, sir.'

To the landlord's astonishment, Monsieur leant back in his chair and indulged in a fit of uncontrollable laughter, and recovering himself, asked to be directed to the Museum. Having reached that establishment, he was not long in picking out the Lysippus, of which the learned in Chubleigh were so proud. The Frenchman put on his glasses and examined the gladiator's toe-nail, and then gave vent to another guffaw, which speedily brought round him the officials of the establishment. He asked to see the secretary; and when introduced to the presence of that functionary, exclaimed: 'Begar, sir, dat gladiateur is no more a Lysippus dan I am de Czar Nicholas of all de Russias. My oncle, who die ven I vas a leetle boy, keep vat you call a foundree in Athens, and have casts, or *replicas* you call dem, made of all de antiques. He den put dem down a sewer until dey get a green magnifique; dey look like de real article; and he make heaps of money by selling dem as such in Paris. Your gladiateur is one of dem!'

'But, my dear sir,' asked the astounded secretary, 'how are you going to substantiate your statement?'

'Come wit me,' said the Frenchman; and the

twain proceeded to the statue. 'My oncle,' resumed the Frenchman, 'deal in de antique, as I have told you; and in case he himself be cheated wit his own spurious statues, he have a private mark. Here is dis mark—a leetle hole drilled under dis toe-nail!'

The secretary communicated the purport of Monsieur's statement to the Museum directors; experts were called who substantiated the Frenchman's assertion that the work was spurious, and was no more the production of Lysippus than an Italian moulder's plaster-cast of Venus is the work of Phidias. In disgust, the directors ordered the statue to be transferred to the lumber-room of the establishment, and its description, 'Gladiator, by Lysippus; n.c. about 324; bequeathed by the late —, Esq.,' disappeared from the Museum catalogue.

ANOTHER 'SHIP-CANAL.'

Another has been proposed, although the idea is not new, but seems to have been an old idea revived, and that is, to cut a canal from the sea to Birkenhead Docks across the low flat country lying between the outfalls of the Dee and Mersey, and thus getting a wide passage which will enable ships to avoid the bar of the Mersey. Elaborate plans have been prepared by an eminent engineer; and as the whole scheme seems feasible, and as money for great schemes seems to be readily forthcoming in this wealth-producing country, there can be no reason why the 'ship-canal of Birkenhead' should not be carried out as well as the 'ship-canal of Manchester.' It would have a great and reviving effect on the town of Birkenhead, which by this means may one day become an important commercial city, a rival to, instead of a mere suburb of, her wealthy sister on the opposite Lancastrian shore; and the expectations of half a century ago of a grand city, with magnificent streets, and squares, and splendid commercial docks, may even yet be realised.

THIS IS ALL

Just a saunter in the twilight,
Just a whisper in the hall,
Just a sail on sea or river,
Just a dance at rout or ball,
Just a glance that hearts enthral—
This is all—and this is all.

Just a few harsh words of doubting,
Just a silence proud and cold,
Just a spiteful breath of slander,
Just a wrong that is not told,
Just a word beyond recall—
This is all—and this is all.

Just a life robbed of its brightness,
Just a heart by sorrow filled,
Just a faith that trusts no longer,
Just a love by doubting chilled,
Just a few hot tears that fall—
This is all—ah! this is all.

ROSIE CHURCHILL

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